

## The World

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## BOYS AND MONEY.

Office boys are usually paid from \$3 to \$5 a week. Some of them begin work for wages that little more than equal their car fare and lunch. It is a good way to begin at any business, and even at the professions. The majority of successful business men began work when they were boys, and many of the leaders of the New York bar to-day started as lawyers' office boys.

It will be news to the tens of thousands of office boys in this city that the State of New York has been paying salaries as high as \$750 a year to office boys and pages at Albany. Where the New York office boy begins at \$2 or \$3 a week, the State started its payroll at \$6 a week, and increases were so rapid that \$12 and \$15 a week salaries were not uncommon.

By order of the State Civil Service Commission these salaries are to be reduced on the ground that it is bad for the boys themselves to have so much money to spend. Nine dollars a week is hereafter to



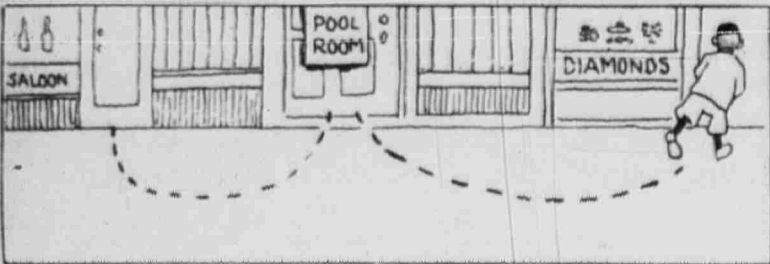
be a boy's maximum pay.

It is not a good thing for boys to have too much money to spend. Money which comes easily goes easily, as a rule. To start in life with pay several times as large as what other boys receive has a tendency to develop harmful qualities.

There are many vices which cannot be acquired without money. Some of these vices are so foolish that few grown-up men waste their energy and money on them. But a boy's temptations are of a different degree from a man's temptations. Every boy desires to be thought manly, and many boys are prone to imitate men's vices because a man's vices are more conspicuous than his virtues.

The good habits which a sturdy, faithful boy acquires do not show their results until in after life. The vices of a bad boy are rarely hid, but become a matter of boasting to his associates. Everything which tends to restrain a boy from vice necessarily leads him that much further in the path of success.

The possession of money is not always a good thing. Its value to its possessor depends more on the methods of its acquirement than the fact



of its ownership. The earning of money implies the doing of some valuable service for it. That is the difference between earning and stealing. Money for which no value is rendered is morally stolen. Stolen money does not in the long run benefit its possessor. It may enable him to live more ostentatiously, to make a social splurge, to drink champagne, to buy a divorce, to indulge in scandal and folly, but it does not bring ultimate happiness.

Saving is a good habit. It enables the world to advance and it directly benefits the individual who saves. If the State's office boys had saved their high salaries it would have put them that much further on the way to thrift. But they did not save. According to the chief examiner of the Civil Service Commission, several boys were ruined by having too much money, and to pay these boys more than boys in private employ demoralized them. It probably did. The worst thing to do with a boy is to put him in the way of temptation to do wrong.

## THE ADMIRAL TO THE ENSIGN.

"Fighting Bob" Evans, of the United States Navy, is a man of blunt words as well as of plucky deeds. To an ensign whose misconduct on shore has just blotted out his chance for honors at sea the plain-spoken Admiral declared himself thus, after his urgings of reason had failed:

Do you know what I would do with you if I were in the same grade with you? I'd punch you good and hard and often and quick!

Here spoke not so much the original spirit of discipline by force as one convinced that a thrashing at the right time may be the sincerest evidence of a friendly desire to help.

The Admiral's logic was not such as used in other days to keep the cat-o'-nine-tails busy on shipboard. It was rather that of the well-meaning father with an active strap.

Despite a conviction that common sense cannot be driven by thumps into a persistently foolish head, there is a feeling that "Fighting Bob's" rank deprived the ensign of something that was honestly his due.

## FIRES.

For the year covered by the latest report of the Fire Commissioner, just issued, there were 7,750 fires in New York.

When readers of these lines read that bit of official news in the papers did they stop to think whether or not they or anybody under their control might have made this number of alarms smaller by care? A city is only as safe from attack by flames, one must know, as its most careless resident permits it to be.

It is easy to be careful with matches, yet 757 of the last year's fires came from failures in this regard.

Fires caused by curtains blowing against gas-jets can be prevented readily, yet the report shows more than 200 such fires.

Smokers who did not take pains started at least five out of every hundred of the year's fires.

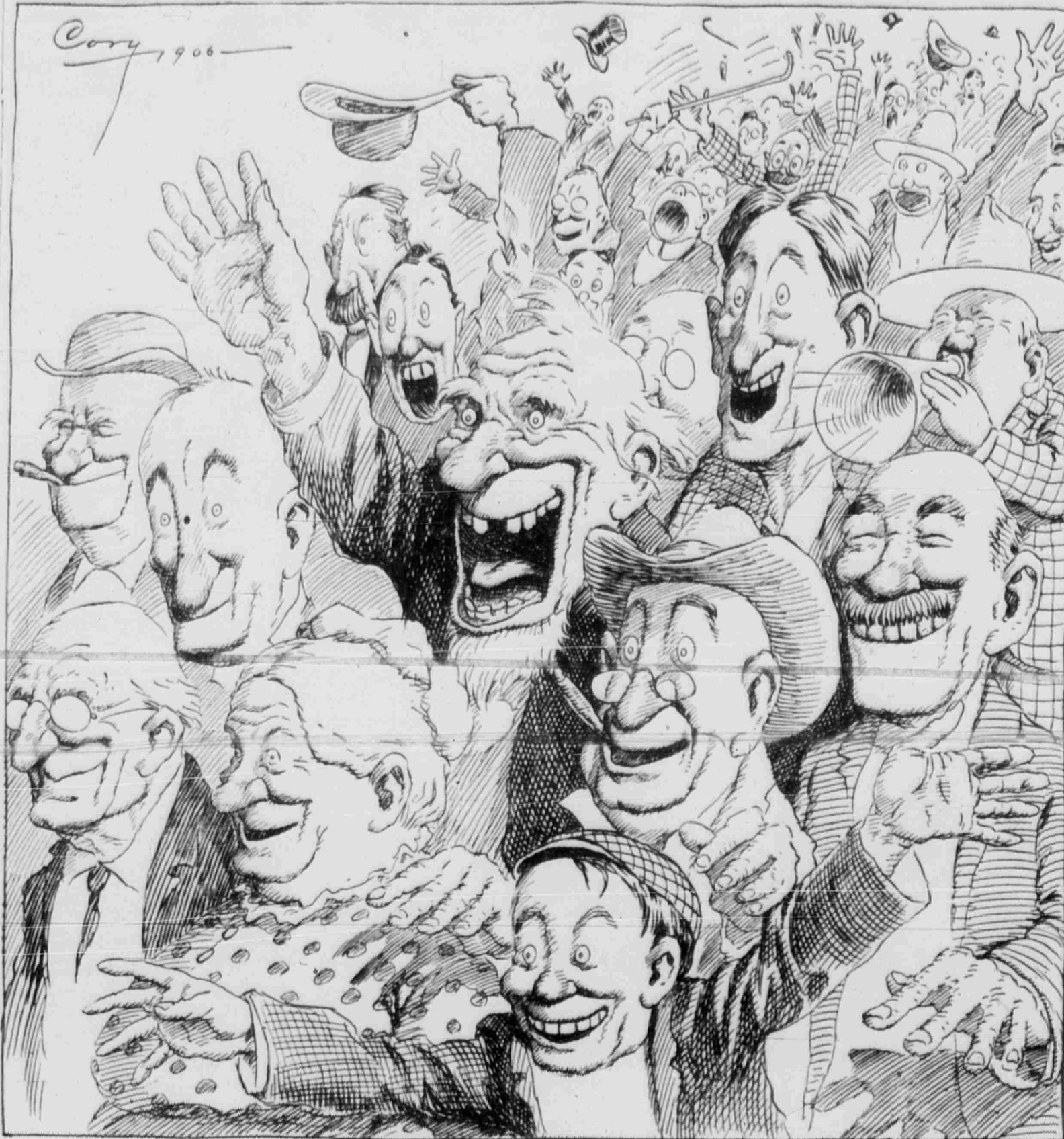
Bonfires, fireworks and firecrackers, which are out of place in any city street, caused almost 9 per cent. of the 7,750 alarms.

New York's fires run small, it is true, because there is a force of brave men which fights them promptly and well. In the smallest blaze, however, is always the possibility of the biggest one. A firecracker in a barrel gave a \$10,000,000 illustration of this fact in Portland, Me., July 4, 1866.

Such a report as the Commissioner has just issued does not bring out its best results unless it persuades everybody who sees it to do all he can toward running the next year's figures on fires far below the last year's. No good work for one's self and for others could be simpler.

## When "The Peerless" Arrives in Lincoln.

By J. Campbell Cory.



## THE MEN in THE NEWS—Straight Talks to Them—By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Advice to the Young Men in Primrose Fetters Who Must Leave the Navy on Account of Love.



MY Dear Ensign Charles Lawrence Bruff: I never heard of you till yesterday. Those who read this besides yourself, unless they are close followers of the day's news, now hear of you for the first time. You have just sent in your resignation from the Navy to avoid a court-martial for being absent from your ship without leave—a fourth offense. And the reason for your neglect of duty is said to have been the same story that brought about the dismissal of Midshipman Jackson a year ago.

Your occupation gone, your honor from the officer's point of view has gone with it. But why don't you wake up now in time to save yourself?

It may seem to you now, if you are possessed by one of those mad obsessions that make the rare love tragedies of our day, that everything is worth sacrificing on the altar. But irrespective of the worth or unworth of the enchanted goddess, don't you know that for a man the world is never well lost for love? The world is so much of his life and love so little.

I won't draw any fine distinctions between love and infatuation. I don't believe in them. The filmy phantasm that floats through the dull, decorous pages of the popular novel and that sentimentalists call love, has little relation to the driving, relentless, elemental passion of actual life.

It may be that, notwithstanding the gossip of brother officers, there is no woman in your case.

But if there is, and your infatuation for her has made you forget temporarily your country and your home, summon all your strength to fight it, as you would have fought your country's enemy on the battle-ship Missouri; as you would have protected your home from invasion and robbery.

Probably, like too many young men, you consider everything worth fighting for except yourself.

You would struggle for the paltriest of your possessions. But you let a woman steal away your brain, drag your sense of right and duty, shiver your soul in the fierce fires of earth.

That sounds awfully like a sermon, doesn't it?

I know as well as you do that infatuation is the most formidable enemy in the world to fight and that the victory belongs to the very few. But whether we win or lose, we have to fight. We may go on loving where we should not, but it will be against the grain—the fine grain of the better nature that protests. Try to wake up! You have lost a great deal, but nothing in the world is final. Do your utmost to break away from your primrose fetters and regain the esteem and affection of men whose sense of duty condemns you now.

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

In the World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find a list of multi-millionaires?

C. H. H.

A Thoroughfare Grievance.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wish to call attention to the condition of Fulton street from the Canal to Pearl street. The south side has been ripped up and the walks have been piled with stones, making walking very bad. The condition of the street has perhaps hurt business, and merchants along there are complaining. Something should be done to make the repairs hurry with their work.

FULTON STREET MERCHANT.

Sleep on Right Side.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A writer asks which is the better side to sleep on, the left or right side? By all means, the right side is the better, because then the left side is free from any pressure, thus leaving the heart in a natural position to perform its duty of circulating the blood through the body. This gives the lungs free motion.

GEO. C. M. SMITH.

The "Katy Did."

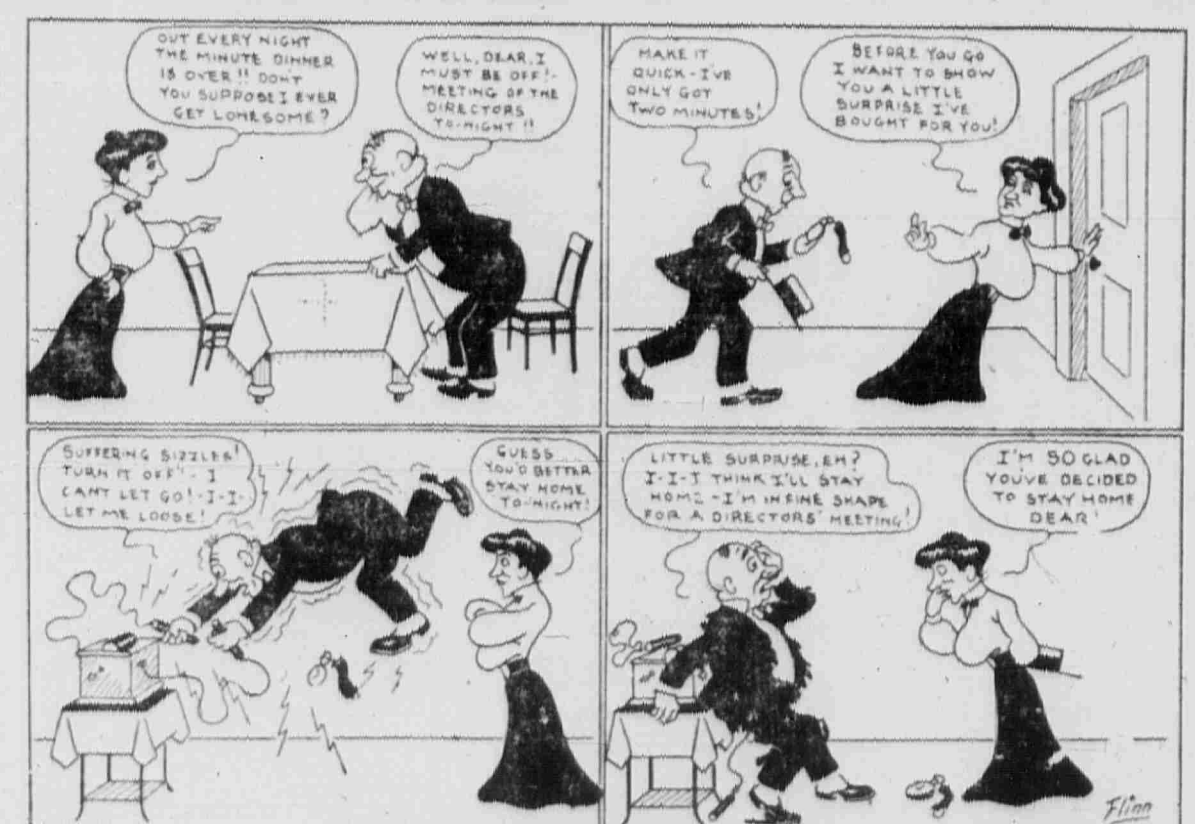
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can some rural or biological reader enlighten me on natural history? To what species of insect does the "Katy Did" belong? How is the peculiar noise which they make caused—kindly let me know briefly something as to their habits, etc.

W. H. L.

## MR. CANTFOOLER

By E. F. Flinn.



## Josh Billings Tells Of the Fast Baby.

THE fast baby has begun one of the fixed stars of life; and ever since the first one was born on the right side of the garden or Eden down town the little stranger or yesterday they have never failed to be a halcyon of much joy—an event of much gladness.

Tew wake up some cheerful morning and see a pair of soft eyes looking into yours—to wonder how so much baby could have been entrusted to you—to watch out the father, or the mother, in the sweet little face, and then lose the golden hour and see food kisses upon this little bird in yore nest—tik this that makes the fast baby the joy of all joys—a feast of the heart.

Tew find the pale Mother again by yore side, more lovely than when she was

wood—tew see a new tenderness in her eye, and tew hear the chastened sweet news of her life, as she tells something new about "Willie"—tew lov her far more than ever, and tew find oftentimes a prayer on yore lips—tik this that makes the fast baby a fountain of sparkling pleasure.

Tew watch the bud on yore rosebush, tew catch the fast notes of yore song-bird, tew hear the warm praise of kind friends, and tew give up yore hours tew the treasure—tik this that makes the fast baby a gift that Angels have brought yu.

Tew look upon the track that life takes—tew see the sunshine and shower—tew plead for the best, and shrink from the worst—tew shudder when sickness steals on, and tew be chastened when death comes—tik this—oh! tik this that makes the fast baby a hope upon earth and a gem in heaven.

## NEW YORK THROUGH

FUNNY GLASSES  
By Irvin S. Cobb

Punching the Human Meal Ticket.



NEARLY always the red-necked heck of the flag station has his city-bred brother beaten both ways from the Jack in the matter of general information. For example, he knows that a dropped egg is not necessarily the work of a nervous hen and that a cowslip is a flower and not a barnyard casualty.

But when it comes down to the proposition of belonging to an order and advertising the same by means of badges, emblems, insignia and high signs, J. Henry Bromide, of Manhattan-by-the-Flatiron, can teach the mushed sage from the water tank a few things that are not calculated to do him a bit of harm.

In those towns which are represented by a dot resembling the autograph of a passing fly it's a mighty peart thing to be a member of a lodge. You are thereby entitled to pay dues and to sit up with the sick and to serve on standing committees and to turn out at funerals in full regalia feeling almost as important and conspicuous as the deceased himself. And every Friday night you enjoy the proud privilege of going to a palatial Fraternity Hall upstairs over the Red Onion restaurant and making mysterious raps on an outer door and marching right in past a deputy county clerk armed with a drawn sword. After which you sit around quite a spell in a room decorated with framed resolutions of respect and crayon portraits of members who died in the full flower of their chin whiskers. You hear a speech one mile long and two inches deep by a Pussant Potentate in the lively stable business, and then, with the aid of a trick ladder and a lot of blank cartridges, you assist in conferring the impressive and solemn secret work upon a candidate. It is a mistake to assume that a goat is no longer used in initiations. The fellow that is being put through is always the goat.

So naturally when the Past Grand Bell Weather of the Ancient and San-



rated Order of Bull Mooses comes on to New York to lay in the fall stock for his retail shoe store he feels it incumbent upon him to hit town decorated with an emblem about the size of a book beer sign. He has an idea that the exhibition of a large illuminated badge will get him passes to the theatres and cause the hotel proprietors to knock off something from his bill.

Nobody has ever told him that the lobbies of our best taverns are just full of fellows waiting for him. But as soon as he flashes the campaign transparency upon his coat lapel they flit from their perches on the leather chairs near the clerk's desk and close in on him and begin to punch the human meal ticket. He doesn't get ten feet away from the register before a capitalist who is wearing his shoes without any soles in them to save the leather tips him the hailing signal of the Mooly Cow degree and then, while giving the grip of the order, introduces himself and explains that owing to the tardiness of his rent agent in remitting he is a little bit short of cash and would accept a small loan from a brother for a day or two. Next approaches the fellow-member with the soiled collar and no buttons on his vest who wants a check cashed merely to tide him over until he receives a large sum of money by mail. After that the rush to get at him looks like Saturday night in a barber shop.

Possibly the newcomer had supposed that everybody in gay New York came in over the Jay Line, but before he has been here forty-eight hours he'll be ready to swear that, judging by the number of strangers seeking temporary accommodations, the only trains that run into their terminals are accommodation trains. About that time he makes another sudden discovery and hauls down his lodge emblem, after which he runs only the recognized, regular and ordained risks of being stung up.

THE FUNNY PART.

All signs—including the secret-order kind—fall in this town.

## TWO-MINUTE TALKS WITH NEW YORKERS.

By F. O. McGill.



NEVER can Mayor McGowan had a license to perform a duty that was not a duty. When I turned to him the old fellow went out in the corridor grumbling about the lack of courtesy of public officials just as a man came hurrying in to have us tell him whether a taxpayer was entitled to go on the jury list whether he was drawn in the regular order or not.

A few days ago a woman came in and wanted to know if the City Record wouldn't publish a want ad for her because she drew a pension as a soldier's widow.

Saturday a man came in and wanted to know how to get a divorce. Another man came in and wanted us to give him the address of a barber school where one may get their hair cut while acting as a practice object for the student.

A woman called up on the telephone and wanted to know if the city gave a prize to a woman who had borne triplets. Another woman wanted to know where she could get a washing machine from a city department and a man blew in last Wednesday to find out if we could tell him if there was a city ordinance regulating the biting of puppies' tails.

A HAPPY MEDIUM.

If you are false to every vow,

You're taught to me—why waste my breath?

If you are true, 'tis well—but how

Can love be always true till death?

If you are neither—only human—

God bless you! You're an average woman!

If you are beautiful as day,

No pen of mine can do you justice;

If you are ugly, go away—

Your features worry and disgust us.

If you are just a girl, with dreamy eyes,

You might drop around and see me!

If you are good as angels be

You might not look as good to father;

And you would not look good to me

If you were bad, so please don't bother;

If neither, what's your number?

Be fun if you're just bad a little!

—Cleveland Leader.